

Douglas.**THE HUMBUGGED HUSBAND.**

She's not what fancy painted her—
I'm sadly taken in;
If some one else had won her, I
Should not have cared a pin!
I thought that she was mild and good
As maiden e'er could be;
I wonder how she ever could
Have so much humbugged me!
They cluster round and shake my hand—
They tell me I am blest;
My case they do not understand—
I think that I know best.
They call her "fairest of the fair,"
They drive me mad and madder:
What do they mean by it—I swear
I only wish they had her!
Tis true that she has lovely looks,
That on her shoulders fall—
What would they say, to see the box
In which she keeps them all?
Her taper fingers, it is true,
Are difficult to match—
What would they say, if they but knew,
How terribly they scratch?

Swift Justice.

A merchant left St. Petersburg to travel across Europe. In the course of his journey he arrived at Warsaw. Being furnished with a letter of introduction, he repaired to the house of one of the chief citizens there, and was most courteously received. He staid at Warsaw for a week, and his host spared no pains to make the visit very agreeable, and showed him everything worth seeing in the town. Indeed, the visitor was quite overwhelmed by an amount of kindness rarely shown to any but a friend of long standing.

At length the pleasant visit drew to its close, and after breakfast the guest expressed his wish to see some poor parts of the town, of which he had heard. "But," said he, "I have with me a small box of great value that I do not like to risk in such places. If it were my own I should not be so particular; but it was entrusted to me by a friend, who requested me to deliver it to a person in another town. It contains diamonds and other valuables. Would you do me the great favor of taking charge of it for the day?" The host, with his usual urbanity, willingly agreed to this proposal, and the merchant departed with a light heart on his tour of inspection. I forget the name, but let us say in the "Seven Dials," or "Five Points," of Warsaw.

Next morning after breakfast he cordially thanked his kind entertainers for their zealous hospitality, and added as he was about to depart, he would now resume his charge of the box, which had never before quitted his person since he had received it from its owner. The host and hostess stared at him in well-acted amazement. "What box?" asked the host. "I remember no box—do you, my dear?" turning to his wife. "No," she said, "I have no recollections of any box whatever." "What was it like?" asked the host; "perhaps you left it in your room." But on the merchant presisting that it was with the host himself it had been left, on his turning to his hostess and trying to make her recollect the circumstances, both (after appealing to each other several times, and fortifying each other in their denial) became cold and distant, and began hinting that something must have happened to the merchant, to induce him to persist in so strange a delusion. As the host touched his forehead with a significant glance, the poor man remembered that he was in a strange city; the ground seemed to be slipping from under his feet; the danger to himself loomed in the distance, and he hastened from the house in alarm. Straight to the police he went, and stated his case. The official listened imperturbably to the whole story, and then asked: "You gave up this valuable box to an acquaintance of a week's standing without any witness or any written acknowledgment?"

"He had been so very kind, a man in his position."

"Bah! you a man of business! But have you no proof that the box belongs to you?"

"None whatever—except the key. It is locked, and I have the key—here it is," and he produced a small key from an inner pocket.

The official remained lost in thought for some time and then said: "Well, I will do the only thing I can for you. The Archduke Constantine (the governor of Poland) is a stern, harsh man, but he is known for his rigorous justice, and if he believes your story he will do his best for you. I will take you to him at once."

No time was lost, and the merchant soon found himself in the archduke's presence, and was desirous to relate his story. When it was concluded, the archduke, after a few moments' reflection, rang a bell. An official appeared. "Send for M—," naming my treacherous host. It was quickly done and the archduke, without preamble or question, said to the guilty man: "Sit down at the writing-table, and write as I shall dictate to you." The man took his seat, and took up the pen; the archduke began dictating:

"My Dear Wife; All is found out—"

"No," said the man, springing from his seat, "I won't write that."

"Then you are guilty," was the prompt answer.

Puzzled and foiled, he resumed his seat and wrote as he was desired:—

"My dear wife; All is found out. Send the box by the bearer."

Then he signed it with his own name by the archduke's order, and a messenger was dispatched with it. The messenger found the lady at her toilet; when she read the misive she turned ashy pale, trembling violently. Then leaning forward she drew the box from a recess in the toilet table and handed it to the bearer, who, swiftly returning, placed it in the hands of the archduke. He immediately gave it to the merchant,

desiring him to unlock it: that being done, he asked whether the diamonds were all there? Yes, the box had not been opened; they were all just as the merchant had left them. Then the archduke rang the bell, and said to the official who entered, pointing to the guilty man, "He is not to go his home again, let him be taken to Siberia in exile."

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; do, for pity's sake give her little encouragement. You may be assured it won't hurt her. She has made your house comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it. It will make her open her eyes wider than they have been for these ten years, but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's cold, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so used have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down.

Honestly, everyday life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You are aware that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you take from the drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers had ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and so lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much though, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mental.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in kindness and in health, but they are selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I'm obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits," they thank the man in a full street car who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moved along the concert room; in short, thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home tip their chairs back and heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if anything is just right, shut their mouths with an air of satisfaction, but never say, "Thank you." I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show a modicum of civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wife, if you give them the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married if you would stop the badging about who you were going to have when number one is dead (such that wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes) if you will cease to speak of her faults however bantering, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your apparently cold, selfish affection.

Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies fully counterbalanced by your own.

An Englishwoman's Experience.

Journeying to Boston from Washington the authoress had her birth made into a bed, and, divesting herself of her outer garments, retired behind the curtain and slept until daybreak. "I knew," she proceeds, "that at each end of the car there was a toilet room, with marble basins and washing paraphanelia. I put my head out between the opening of the curtain to see if the place was unoccupied, when, to my amazement, what should meet my eye, all the way up and down the narrow corridor, but stocking—no, I mean socked—feet strutting into boots of the most decidedly masculine persuasion. As I was contemplating the possibility of treading my way through this novel living hedge, I came to the knowledge that I was the only lady in the car and that, unknown and unprotected, I had been passing the night in the most ignorant and helpless security with about twenty men! In any other country this discovery would have been horrifying in itself and extremely disagreeable in its results; but short as my experience of American chivalry had been, it was quite sufficient for me to know that I had absolutely nothing to fear uncomfortable about. Most of the gentlemen did me the honor to ignore my presence completely, thereby making me feel very much assured. Those that did not neither stared not spoke, but as the train slackened at the Jersey City station, so then helped me down the steps of the platform, and one taking my shawl, and the other my hand-bag said, 'Allow me, madam, to see you to the ferry?' whether they accompanied me and bowed themselves off."

Rules for Emergencies.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules of action in case of accident. It would not be a bad thing to cut this out and carry it in ones pocketbook, or better yet, commit them to memory:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into your ear.

If any artery is cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic acid is suspected walk erect.

Such poisoned wounds, or, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or the end of a cigar.

In the case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm mustard.

For acid poisons give alkalies; for alkaline poisons, give acids; white of an egg is good in most cases.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lie flat.

If in the water, float on water, back with the nose and mouth projecting.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

Puzzled and foiled, he resumed his seat and wrote as he was desired:—

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